

T H E

MEMOIRES

Of the Life, and Rare

ADVENTURES

O F

Henrietta Silvia
Moliere.

As they have been
very lately Pub-
lished in *French*.

With Remarks.

L O N D O N,

Printed for William Crook, at the Green
Dragon without Temple-Bar. 1671.



Handwritten text, possibly a signature or date, located on the right side of the page.

A Fragment of a Letter,
Translated out of
French.

I Bring along with
me a * handsome
Lady of your Ac-
quaintance, who
threatneth to make me go fur-
ther; She hath a strange long-
ing to see her self at Paris a-
gain. But I question it very
much, whether she will obtain
that of me, as to make me ven-
ture so far: besides that, my bu-
siness will soon call me back to
Thoulouse; I cannot so easily

* This Book
of her own
Life.

go into a place where I have had
the folly to suffer my self to be
put in Print. Knowing you
have more prudence than I, I
leave it to you to cut off any
thing you think superfluous. But
let us speak of another thing.
What a troublesome man your
Boook-seller is? to ask that of
* An Epistle. me * you speak of.
Can he do nothing without it?
With what should I make him a
Preface? I have no more to say
to the Readers; And I have
done all, when I have abandon'd
them my Story. I do not see
that this Book hath any great
need of justification. For if
I have been forc'd to name some
Persons

persons that are living still, I
am perswaded there is not one
amongst them all, who will not
willingly pardon me the Liberty
I have taken: However, I'll
be the Book's warrant for that
respect; I am glad of what you
write, that it shall be put to
be examined by very able
men: Take heed only, that
those able men be not too serious;
That will, perhaps, help
them to find many more faults in
it, than otherwise they would.
A man must be a little waggish,
for to read Badi-
neries; * They ^{waggish things.}
must at least be read waggishly,
to take pleasure in them. I

make an end here, for I am staid
for to make an end of my break-
fast. Farewell.

You are the most obliging
Person in the World. Were I
but at leisure, I should not con-
clude this Letter, without mak-
ing you a thousand complements,
to testifie my thankfulness for all
the civilities you have shewed
me.

The

The Bookfeller to
any Body.



Were too much for a
Tranflater to pre-
tend to give you a
Preface, when the
Author her ſelf doth confeſs,
that ſhe had not wherewith to
make up one. I'll give you
none therefore; And if you
muſt needs have one, I pray go
to any other Book of old, or
lately Tranſlated; there you'll
find Preface enough, which will
ſerve

serve to read before this story as well as before those things it is pieced up to. However, if you can find in a Dialogue the gust that most Readers find in Arguments, Advertisements, and Prefaces, I am content to put you here something to that purpose. The Translator, and a Friend of his, are speaking together.

T. *To the Reader.*

F. Say you so? And why should this be *for the Reader*, more than the rest of the Book?

T. Because all Readers are ready to run in haste to the point in hand

F. There-

F. Therefore you would
stop them.

T. And therefore we call
them by their names of Rea-
der, to the end, that they
may hear us, and mind what
we are to say. But pray,
Sir, tell me, How do you like
your Friend in this new
garb? Do not I look as if I
were in Print?

F. Fye, Fye, no.

T. Sure I do. Though to
tell you true, I do not love it
of all things: For a man to
have his elbowes drawn be-
hind his back, his Arms stick-
ing to his sides, and his hands
busily employed about his
Belt,

Belt, his Waistcoat, or his Girdle, bowing neck and shoulders.

F. It is a very fashionable behaviour; why should you blame it?

Z. What makes you think I blame it? I do but draw the Copy of it. And I tell you again, I fancy I am so my self.

F. The Readers will say you are very foolish.

Z. Every body is free to speak that payes for it. I know this Age is not easily pleas'd, and I am not more easily perswaded to labour much to please them.

F. If you would, I am
con-

confident you cannot do it,
for you do not know how 'tis
to be done.

T. May be not.

F. I'll tell you then. The
same way that men have gone
these many thousand of years
you must go still. Let alone
writing and reading; Never
think to charm the World
with Books, which can but
divert them a little at the best;
Be humble, make much of the
present time, of your self no-
thing. Lye boldly, suffer
gladly, endeavour to do any
thing that delights others, and
profits you. When thus you
have scraped a good deal of
that

that yellow metal, and therewith made fast a Noble House, and fruitful Land, and set up an excellent *French-English* Table for so many dayes of the week ; you shall be sure to please the World, provided, there be but few that know it.

Z. I see what I must do to please the World : But what is to be done to please the Translator ? You say nothing to that.

F. I have nothing to say to that; You desired to know how you should do to please others, and I have told you : Must I tell you also how to please your self ? Fare you well, I am for *Silvia*.

T H E

(I)




T H E
ADVENTURES^a

Of the Life of

Henrietta Silvia Moliere,

To Her Highness of——

T is no small
comfort to
Silvia,^b Ma-
dam, in the
midst of all the ill Re-
ports, by which her
Reputation is slandered
B every

(2)

every where, to see that
your Highness is desirous
to know what Apology she
can make for her self. She
hath all the sence that ought
to be had of that ; and lest
it should appear otherwise,
she is ready to obey the
command you have laid upon
her, to give you the pastime
of a faithful Relation of
her harmless Errors. Not
that she hath any

(3)

any hope, that she shall ever be able to blot out of the mindes of most men, the cruel prejudices they have taken against the whole conduct of her life : this age does not permit her to flatter her self with the thoughts of prevailing against so great Calumnies. Yet, if I may use your Highnesses own terms, a time will come, when

B 2

men

(4)

men shall not be willing to judge so criminally of others by themselves, by reason their manners shall not be so extreamly corrupted, and guilty, as they are now; and then, perhaps, more faith will be given to what I am going to write for her justification, then to what her enemies can say to traduce her notions.

(5)

I will not hide so much as any of the most foolish Adventures, wherein she may have had any share; for I wish your Highness may divert yourself with them, at the same time that you will have compassion on *Silvia* for other things.

In the first place, she never knew well who she was; all I am certain of is, that she is

B3

not

not a person of an ordinary and vulgar destiny : that her Birth, her Education , and her Marriages , have been the effect of many extraordinary Accidents, and Adventures ; and that if she had a mind to set out her Life with the lustre of a fabulous descent, *d* it would be easie, without doubt, for any body to enlarge upon it, as finely
ly

ly as ever hath been done upon the like occasion ; and draw her Pedigree in a way that would look something Heroick.

She was called *Henrietta Silvia*, by the order of her Mother herself, as I have been told.

Henrietta , without doubt, for some private reason best known to her self ; and *Silvia*, because she was born

by a Wood side, commonly called, the Wood of *Silves*. She had the name of *Moliere*, which hath stuck to her by custome, from those that took the care of her breeding, who were so call'd themselves.

She is tall, and of good meen; she hath eyes black and sparkling, well open'd, and well cut, and such as seem

seem to mark, that she hath enough of wit; let any body else judge by what follows, whether she hath, or no. Her mouth is great when she laughs, but very little when she does not; yet it is the misfortune of that part, that she laughs always. She hath good teeth, a good nose; her neck and brest like her complexion, that is to say,

admirable; and though I should run the hazard of being noted as partial and presumptuous, I must add, Madam, that there are very few in the world can compare with it. But it may be I am too tedious in drawing her Picture thus piece by piece; any body may imagine with themselves, that she is almost an accomplish'd beauty
from

(II)

from head to foot. Such
as have seen what she
gives leave to see, will
be my witnessses, that I
use no paint in this
draught; and such as
have never seen her,
may believe, if they
please, that I do but
sport with them, and
flatter my subject. Yet,
I hope, they will be
better pleased with the
fancy of a handsome,
then with that of an
ugly

ugly Woman, if they be not very ill humor'd: however, I tell your Highness nothing but the truth.

I hope I may be excus'd naming the Family *Silvia* came of, after what I have said already; 'Tis possible, that after the reading of her story, her true Kindred, if they find her not unworthy of them, will strive to
make

make their charity go beyond that of some worthy persons she is beholding to ; and one day discover the whole mystery of her Birth, to the end, that it may be added to the rest of the Adventures of her Life ; which when it happeneth, I will pass my word to your Highness for something of illustrious ; for she can feel her own heart, and
is

(14)

is not easily perswaded
that an ordinary man
should Father such a
Woman as she is.

However, I have been
told for certain, that she
first saw the light in
Hamlet bordering up
on a Wood , two or
three leagues from
Montpellier , near the
Sea. Four Men , with
two Women, did bring
thither the Person that
brought her into the
World

(15)

World, in *July*, in the
Year One thousand six
hundred forty and sea-
ven. They landed in a
Boat, which was imme-
diately burnt upon the
shore ; the reason I
know not : they went
into the next house
they met with, which
did chance to be that of
a poor Woman that
nursed her own Child.
Silvia's Mother, who-
ever she may be, had
not

not stay'd there one hour e're she was delivered of a Child: That of the Country Woman, was put to another Nurse, and the new-born *Silvia* given her, together with a sum of Money. The night being come, all the company vanisht away. The next morning, the Country Woman, who had been lodg'd somewhere else
for

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for that night, found
the Child's Mother
gone with the rest in
the dark. If you ask
me, whither? I know
it as little as any thing
else; I wish I knew it,
for my own satisfaction
rather than that of any
other besides: yet I
ought to have reckon'd
that of your Highness
in the first place.

Silvia was nurs'd, and
bred up in that hamlet
until

until she was five years of age , without being own'd , or laid claim to by any body. About which time , the Duke of *Kendale* chanced to come a Hunting upon that Coast: He came into the Cottage of the Nurse , to shelter himself from a sudden storm and showre of rain ; the Child's prating , and her pretty carriage , did please him

(19)

him well, thinking that he did see something in her which was not of a Country Girl. He did ask, who she was? heard her fortunes; and upon that, turning himself, with a smile, to a Gentleman that waited on him, Behold, says he, a great cruelty, thus to forsake a poor Child. I have a conceit, that this Child may come one day to be a very

very handsome Woman ; I will take care of her breeding , that I may see , whether I shall be mistaken in my conjecture. And, really, from that moment , to the hour of his death, the Duke never suffered her to want any thing requisite for her Education. Nay , he was so careful , and so punctual in it , that when it came to be taken

ken notice of, it gave occasion to several persons to say, that *Silvia* was beholding for her life unto the Duke; which some interpreted maliciously. Yet, I have been assured by others, that he was not her Father; and that the occasion of Hunting had brought him by a meer chance into that Hamlet, where the storm, as I have said,

said, had made him pitch upon the Nurses House among the rest, though it was not the nearest on that side he came in. I can say no more of that, and *Silvia* shall be no kin to the rest of his Heirs, without they'l have her. 'Tis now enough of that.

First of all, the generous Duke took care to put the Child out of the

the Country Womans hand, intending to give her to some that were like to have a better success in her breeding. There liv'd then at *Pezenas*, in *Langue-doc*, at *Financier*, whose wife was a good friend to the Duke ; and the man himself was beholding to him for all the fortune he had in the World : A Child of theirs, much about
Sil-

Silvias age, and of her
 sex also, was then kept
 at one of their Farmers;
 and being dangerously
 ill was given over by
 the Physitians, so that
 nothing could be expected but her death every hour: it was no hard matter, as soon as she was dead, to set up *Silvia* in stead of her; and to let the World think, after she had been remov'd into some

some other place and
 hands, that she had
 been cured with the
 remedies that were gi-
 ven her, and was well
 recovered. (Observe, I
 beseech you, Madam,
 what paths Fortune
 was pleased to lead
Silvia to her Adven-
 tures.) That exchange
 was made cunningly
 enough. The *Finan-*
cier carried himself as
 handsomely therein as
 C could

could be wisht. Thus she became Sister to a Son that he had ; and a considerable sum that the Duke bestowed on him did inspire into his soul all the tenderness that was necessary to oblige him to personate a fatherly love to her.

It is possible your Highness would not be too much tired, if I should begin *Silvia's* story

story, by that which may render her childhood as surprizing as the rest of her life.

She had a pretty little air of gallantry, which did almost accuse her Benefactor of being her Father. She had wit, vanity, and courage enough, and such a readiness to take the true accent of all manner of Languages, as that the *Financier's*
 C 2 Son,

Son, having men about him to teach him those things, she was able, in a little time, to learn with him, besides those in fashion, the Dutch Tongue it self. She had also a very great passion for hunting; and what few Women will do, at ten years old, she did sleight all the divertisments of her sex, to give her self to riding, shoot-

shooting with a Pistol,
or with an Arrow, and
the like exercises. It
is not impossible, but
so extraordinary incli-
nations may have oc-
casioned some pretty
little Adventures, were
I willing to remember
them ; but my inten-
tion being to speak on-
ly of that that hath
been seen or talked of
in the great World, I
must let those things
C 3 pass,

pass, whereof there were no witnesses but of small consequence.

All I need say, is this, that she knew all that while no other Father or Mother, but the Persons she had been given to; and that it was very late, ere she came to be clear'd of that error. The Adventure that undeceived her is of a new kind, and deserves to

to be recorded.

The *Financier's* Wife was a good handsome Woman, and had a great deal of wit. The *Marquis de Birague*, a man besides the Nobility of his Line, full of great and fine qualifications, and such, in a word, as though *Silvia* could not then consider him as much as he deserved, because he was a

a married man, she would be glad to have such a Gentleman to her Servant, now that he is a Widdower. That gallant man, I say, did often see the fair Lady *Moliere*; for so she was called that *Silvia* was trusted to. Her Husband, on a certain day, found them both asleep one by the other, in a little Wood belonging to one

one of his Country-Houses, at a time when they thought he had been far enough, very busily employed about the affairs of his charge.

I cannot very well say, how the Lady did clear her self in that surprizing ingagement. *b* 'Tis like her Husband was a discreet man, and would make no uproar of a private

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business. Some days after *Silvia* did perceive that her pretended Father did meditate some kind of revenge, and that in his soul he did reckon to have made her go halves with him in that affair.

To tell your Highness all the particulars of this intrigue, and of the manner that he did use to make her under-

derstand his ends, it would be too tedious.

Silvia was waggish, and full of careffes, for those that she thought she did belong to, although for all the rest she was one of the proudest Girles in all the World. Thus when he begun to shew her some extraordinary good will, she did receive it with a thousand endearments.

ments. And this having lasted a while, the man was so taken with these little badineries^t, to which she gave way with all manner of freedom, as well as innocency, that he became, ere he or she either was aware, the most enamoured man in the World, and then resolved to carry on further that business.

He

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He took her a Hunting along with him, that was her bait ; and having cunningly severed her from his Wife, and the Marquis *de Birague*, which possibly, on their side, were very glad also of an occasion of being alone ; he did so well, that they two found themselves alone a pretty good way into the Forest. [The very

ry place did invite them to alight, and was really very fit to favour the resolutions of such persons as should have been both^r of one minde. The trees had so prettily intangled, and twisted together their shady branches, as to make it a natural vault; and a running spring, two paces off, made a pleasant little noise; the
 Wood

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Wood was very thick,
deep, the shades with
a great silence round
about. In a word, Ma-
dam, Monsieur *de Mo-*
liere was a witty man,
and had pitched upon
a place no ways unfit
for the design in hand.
At his request, and af-
ter his example, *Sil-*
via alighted off her
Horse; and seeing him
lay himself all along
upon the moss and
grass,

grafs, ſhe did the like
hard by him, without
the leaſt ſuſpicion of
what fell out after-
wards. Her Father
drawing a little nearer,
and cloſe by her, and
embracing her with
much of tenderneſs,
began to reveal a ſe-
cret to her, which ſhe
would never have
been able to think of,
and ſo told her the
whole ſtory of her
Birth,

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Birth. Next, he did set forth the obligations that she had to him, and those she was like to have ; in that being resolved still to bear the name of her Father, he made her sure of all his Estate, which was left to her by the death of his Son, who had been killed lately. Many more things did he add, to commend his
love

love to her ; and the
refrein of all this was,
that lest *Silvia* should
be spotted with the
vice of ungratefulness,
she must answer his
passion by the like ; that
he would be sure ever
to love her with the
greatest discretion and
secrecy in the World ;
and that this com-
merce of theirs should
not hinder him from
finding her out , very
speedi-

speedily, a considerable match.

Your Highness may judge, how *Silvia* was surprized and amaz'd at this news. She was indeed the more concern'd, and the more troubled with them, by reason the man, after he had made an end of his speech, that she might be sure he said nothing but what was really true, did be-

begin to raise higher
his ordinary careffes,
whilst the difficulty
that he found in the
opposition that was
made him, did still in-
flame him the more,
He fell on his knees
before her, expreffing
a thoufand extravagancies ; and though ſhe
had told him, that nothing but a remnant of
that reſpect and kind-
neſs, which had ſetled
it

it self in her heart by
use, did keep her from
vindicating her self
from his insolency ; he
went on with it , even
to that point , as to of-
fer to use his strength
against her. Then it
was that she became
furious indeed ; she got
loose out of his arms,
she ran to her Horse ,
and drawing a Pistol
out of the Holster , she
threatned to kill him,
if

if he did not let her alone. He would not do it ; but his brutish passion turning into a madness and rage , she saw him come up to her like a *Satyr*, swearing that he would have his desire of her, she let the Pistol go, which wounded him with two bullets in his belly. These were her first cruelties.

It was a business in-
tri-

tricate enough for one of *Silvia's* age, that which she found her self engaged in: to be all alone in a great Wood, to have laid down a man upon the ground, to think, how she should escape? whether she should go? and not to remember so much as the way she came into that place. She was indeed so frightened at the

the thoughts of all this, that she was near to have fallen backwards, at the same time, with that unlucky man. Yet she was not long in that disorder, necessity awakening her reason, she took a quick resolution, and got on horse-back, not liking to stay there, because she found herself incapable of telling a lye if she should be

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be catch't. The wounded man being more touch't with the perplexity he saw her in, than *Silvia* was with his danger, with as loud a voyce as he could, bid her take to the left hand; and she went that road with full speed, without knowing whither. She might have gone far enough, but that she met in her course with

D the

the Marquis *de Birague*, and the Lady *Moliere*, who having talked together at their ease, without killing one another, as *Silvia* and her Father had done, were probably coming to joyn with them, being lead by the sound the shooting of the Pistol gave. Good Lord! what was then her surprisal, and her distress, when

when to her first disgrace was added as a threatening of a present punishment, the fear of a Wild Boar, which being hunted came to cross her way, almost upon the legg of her Horse. Yet, in spight of all her amazement, she laid a hand to her other Pistol, meaning to have stopt that Beast: And such courageous motions, if I

D 2 may

may say it by the way,
are the surest tokens
that she hath of that
generous blood, from
which it is possible that
her own is deriv'd.

Birague, who saw
at a distance what she
was going to do, sus-
pected that she came
with that full speed to
encounter the Wild
Beast upon her passage,
and with a loud voyce
calling her back, and
accusing

accusing her of temerity, did gallop up to her, at the same time asking whether Monsieur *de Moliere* was in good earnest, thus to expose a Girl to so great danger? So far he was from imagining to himself any thing of what was happened. *Silvia* having no time to lose, told him, without any further information of her business,

D 3

That

That she knew him to
be a Gentleman, and a
Person of Honour ;
That she had some se-
cret of importance to
Communicate with
him ; and that whilst
she should speak to
him, he would do well
to advise Madam Mo-
liere to go seek her
Husband a little fur-
ther, into a place
where he lay very
fore wounded. She
had

had scarce made an end of these words when the Lady came up to them ; upon the news that was told her, she took instantly two Forest-keepers that waited on them to lead her to the place. *Silvia* took her time to tell the Marquis that it was she that had done that mischief ; and at the same time begg'd of

D 4 him,

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him, that he would put her into some place where she might be safe. The strangeness of the thing, and the opinion he had that the wounded man was her Father, made him break out at first into some reproachful words, which did express the excess of his astonishment. But *Silvia*, loath to conceal any longer her story,
and

and being an enemy to
 all that might then be
 useless to her; He is
 none of my Father,
 said she, with some
 sowerness to the Gen-
 tleman; and this is no
 convenient place to
 make this mystery
 better known to you.
 If you intend to do me
 Service, once more,
 said she, put me where
 I may be safe, and I
 will afterwards fully

D 5. satis-

satisfie you upon all the questions that you can make me. As she spake thus, a Gentleman that belonged to *Birague*, came up Riding after them; the Marquis commanded him to lead *Silvia* to his Castle of *Sersac*, where his Lady was; himself going after his Mistress.

She was then come up to the fatal place,
and

and as though the max-
ime of our age were
true, that a Woman
may have a Gallant, &
love her Husband ne-
ver the worse for that ;
I have been told, that
no affliction & desolati-
on ever befel any other
body, comparable to
that of the Lady, when
she saw her Gentleman
wallowing in his own
blood, and that it was
almost an impossible
thing

thing to part them.
Detraction indeed, not
sparing the most holy
and pious Actions,
was not able to make a
good construction of
that excess of Love,
and gave out, that
these so long and ob-
stinate embraces of a
dying man had some
secret aim, tending
to hinder other people
from stanching the
blood that ran all that
while;

while; & that his danger might thereby be increased. Yet for all the persecutions that good Lady did act against *Silvia*; and though this very thing might really occasion the death of her Husband; I will be so just to her, as to believe all she did was with a good intent.

The poor man was taken up with much
ado,

ado, & carried into the
 next Village to have
 his Wounds drest :
 Then they asked him,
 how he came by that
 hurt ? and did all
 they could to make
 him name the Author
 of it, yet all in vain.
 He answered only, that
 three Masked men,
 who would carry a-
 way *Silvia*, had set
 upon him. The Mar-
 quis of *Birague* him-
 self,

self, who being already inform'd by *Silvia* of the chiefeſt part, and by telling him of it, did hope to know all the ſecret, was not able to wreſt it out of his mouth : that made them give over troubling him any further, & apply themſelves only to have him transported into the Town.

In the mean while,
 Madam, the ſilence
 and

and discretion of that
unlucky man, whether
it was an effect of his
shame, or of some
remnant of his Love
to *Silvia* did save her
in the opinion of all
people, had she had
but strength and cou-
rage enough to dare
shew her self after
such a deed. For the
Marquis coming home
at night, told her that
all the World had
taken

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taken her flight for an effect of the fear that the supposed Ravishers had put her in : And he himself countenancing that imagination, could think no otherwise of that Accident, then that she did chance to hit the *Financier* , when she would have shot at the Thieves ; but another misfortune happened, which soon discovered the
the

the mystery; I must give a particular account of that to your Highness.

Silvia had been put into the hands of the Lady Marqueeze of *Birague*, in the Castle of *Sersac*. The Marquis came to her to that place after he had taken care to set the mind of his Lady *Møliere* in some rest. *Silvia* was really mov'd when

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when she heard the
consideration that the
Wounded man had
for her ; and though
she did no wayes re-
pent her of having
sav'd her own honour
at the cost of his Life,
she could not forbid
some tears to fall from
her eyes ; for having
been forc't to come to
that. She first did be-
moan the trouble, and
the sad condition she
found

found her self in :
 then she told the Mar-
 quis all along what had
 past , together with
 the story that the *Fi-
 nancier* had made her
 all which did surprize
 him infinitely : For
 he had alwayes been
 perswaded with the
 rest of the World
 that *Henrietta* was that
 man's Daughter; and
 the Lady *Moliere*
 who had often trusted
 her

her own person, body
and soul into his hands,
had never trusted him
with that secret."

The strangeness of
that Adventure did
absolutely win the *Ca-*
valier to *Silvia*; far
from blaming her act-
ion, He gave a thou-
sand praises to it, and
made her as many pro-
testations of faithfull
service; in a word,
Madam, he spoke to
her

as a man may speak to a Woman that he thinks handsome, and as one who begun to know *Henrietta* was no longer the Daughter of his Mistress, I can say that, without doing him an injury.

She did from that very moment perceive it well enough, and was troubled at it : but having need to draw some body to embrace her

her present interest ,
she forbore to commit
a second Crime by ex-
posing her self to be
known a Murtherer
in revenge of the
hopes that the Mar-
quis might conceive to
her disadvantage. Far
from being so scrupu-
lous , she did return
him thanks for his ge-
nerosity , and had for
him all the complai-
sance that she might
in

in honesty have ; and
 I dare say , such a
 conjunction of affairs
 was necessary to make
Silvia take a declarati-
 on of Love without
 anger, so great an ene-
 my she was then, and
 had till that time ever
 been to it.

She was two dayes
 in *Birague* his Castle,
 without hearing any
 news from the Town,
 but what he sent her
 by

by a Gentleman of his:
And to that hour there
had not been as yet
any danger for her.

On the contrary,
the fear they were
in at home, lest
she was fallen into
the hands of those
Masked men, did re-
double their sadness,
and their moans. But
it was not so the day
after, when the fever
that took the *Financier*
E had

had made him speak,
and talk idle in his ra-
ving before he dyed.
He had very near dis-
covered the whole
business ; and taking
his Wife for *Silvia* ,
whom he did call for
every moment, he had
reproached her with
the Pistol shot ; They
understood by some
other broken discour-
ses that *Silvia* was the
person he meant. The
whole

whole House was presently set in an uproar thereby ; the people began to accuse her, instead of pitying her as they did before ; and with the greater violence did they proclaim War against her, by reason that the only Son of the Family, whose Sister *Silvia* was thought to be, was dead, as I have said before, and she was

left the only obstacle
that kept back the Hus-
band's Kindred from
becoming his Heirs in
a considerable Estate.
The Lady *Moliere* her
self, notwithstanding
all the considerations
by which she was tyed
to *Henrietta*, for the
Dukes sake, whom
she did not hate whilst
he lived, and upon
the account of some
other engagements,
did

(77)

did think that it would not become her any longer to let *Silvia* go under the name of her Daughter. It may be also that another policy gave her a ground to consider with herself that she would prove a Widdow much more fit to marry again when it should be known that she had no Children! In a word, she was

E 3 re-

resolv'd to let *Silvia*
be gone and perish ;
and nothing was in all
likely-hood so easie as
to undo her. The Duke
of *Kendale* was dead
e're since the year
Sixteen hundred and
fifty seven ; And that
gallant Duke , whose
generosity perhaps did
not alwayes like a noise
best, had not acquaint-
ed many more people
besides the *Financier*
and

and his Wife with
 what *Silvia* was; lest, as
 I presume, it should be
 known, what Charity
 he had in using her as
 if he had been her own
 Father. But *Silvia's*
 good fortune did not
 forsake her in this oc-
 currence. Monsieur
de Birague being de-
 sirous to lay many ob-
 ligations upon her, du-
 ring the space of some
 Moneths, did use

E 4

so

(80)

so many, and so successfull endeavours in that affair, and in another that fell out afterwards, that it gave time to the same good fortune that formerly led the Duke of *Kendale* to the Cottage of the Nurse, to bring yet a great Lady from *Flanders* in the Low-Countries, to take as special care of *Silvia* as if she had been
her

(81)

her own Mother.

When *Silvia* began to be suspected, all was like to have been set on fire about her ; but the Marquis preventing the storm that was gathering, did represent to his Mistress, that for a thousand reasons, both of Interest and of Honour, it would be better for her to protect *Silvia* than to undo her ; and

E 5 these

these reasons being
back't by the sensible
and powerfull charms
that were in the per-
son of the *Cavaleir*
that spoke them, were
at least thought solid
of the fair Widdow,
if they were not so in-
deed. Thus at the
end of a few dayes,
and after some forged
Adventures, to excuse
her absence, and to
set a pretence for her
re-

return, Monsieur de Birague brought her the news, that she was free to go out of Serfac Castle. As she presently resolv'd to do, and so went to put herself into a Nunnery a League distant from it.

The Marquis did afterwards contrive a thousand things to have the occasion to come to see her there without put-

(84)

putting his Widdow
to a jealousie ; The
relating of which, per-
haps, would not be un-
pleasant ; For he did
build, as I have said,
very much upon the
obligations that *Silvia*
was like, in time, to
have him: He never
mist an occasion to per-
swade her that he had
left loving *Madam de*
Molier upon any other
account but that only
of

(85)

of using his best endeavours with her to persuade her to wrap up for ever into a silence all the things that *Silvia* had occasion to be afraid of. He did write to her sometimes so pleasantly upon that subject, when he had no sufficient pretence to visit her, that the Lady Abbess, with whom *Silvia* had contracted a very strict Friend-

Friendship, did there-
 by share with her in
 one of the best sports
 in the World ; most
 chiefly when he sent
 them word, that the
 anguish of mind,
 which *Silvia's* indif-
 ferency caused him,
 did get him an
 incredible tenderness
 from his Widow,
 who interpreted it to
 a redoubling of his
 love to her. But let

us go on further ;
and say this only
by the way, That
Silvia lost her self by
the folly that she had
to please that toy of an
Abbess , who would
have her to answer *Bi-*
nagne. The Letter
fell, I know not how,
into the Widdow's
hands. By the read-
ing of which, she did
acknowledge her self
guiltless of that lan-
guishing

guishing condition she
 had pity'd in a man
 who made sacrifice
 of her to another Idol.
 This put her into a
 madness and fury ; her
 jealousy from that
 time did swear the
 ruine of *Henrietta*; and
 she resolved at last to
 chastise her unfaithful
 Lover, by awakening
 that business which
 lay asleep. In vain
 did he bring all the
 reasons

(89)

reasons imaginable to
appease her , and
to take out of her
mind the thoughts
that he should be so
deeply in love with
Silvia. She had
strength enough to dis-
semble her displea-
sure, till she did sur-
prize the answer that
he was to make ; but
this was far worse
than the Letter. There
was bloody railings
against

against her, whom he made a fool of, and did so insult upon, as that all her love was turn'd into an extream impatience of being revenged of both. To that end she began to publish the secret of *Silvia's* Birth, and to give proofs how she did belong neither to her nor to her Husband. The Novelty of the thing did presently

sently raise a great noise in the Town. The Kindred of the dead man met again together to advise about the means they should use to destroy her. All that the Marquis of *Birague* was able to do for *Silvia* in this Alarm, was instantly to get on Horse-back, and e're they should think to lay hold of her, to secure her himself.

self. To that end he took her out of the Cloyster, and conceal-
ed her in a strong place belonging to the Countess of *Englesac*, the Abbess's Sister, which was not above a League distant from the Convent.

The Countess of *Englesac* is a Widdow of great Honour and Virtue, and very devout, as well as magnificent,

nificent, and one that loveth to live with her Friends in all manner of honest pleasures. She had, when *Silvia* came to her House, two of her Daughters with her, and a Son, that I may term the most accomplished Gentleman in the Kingdom. Fine eyes, a mouth as handfom, or more; an air of greatness with him;

him ; a shape that was at the same time free, high, and full of Majesty : a readiness and address at all manner of Exercises, beyond the reach of a parallel ; a gallant wit, a Princely soul, the Valour of an Heroe, are the least commendations I can give to that Person. Let your Highness excuse this Character of him from

from the very hand of
Silvia, to whom he
 has been dear enough
 to deserve yet greater
 transports than this :
 And he is now the
 man that must have
 the greatest share in all
 the rest of my Relati-
 on.

Silvia received in
 that Noble House all
 manner of assistance,
 and of good usage du-
 ring the hottest perfe-
 cution

cution of her Enemies,
 And all the Family
 took it as a point of
 Honour to protect
 her in so extraordinary
 a disgrace, which they
 termed the effect of an
 Heroick Action, rather
 than a base and cow-
 ardly Murther, as the
 Lady *Moliere* would
 have it. And at last
 the Court being then
 in *Provence*, they did
 obtain *Silvia's* pardon
 from

from the King, with all manner of Advantages against her Adversaries.

But Fortune, who did not intend *Silvia* should long remain without Crosses, that she might the oftner have the pleasure to relieve her, would not suffer that favour to last long. The Marquis of *Birague*, who had really set his

F mind

mind upon her, and was
 an intimate Friend to
 Madam of *Engle-*
sac her Son, did so
 frequently speak to
 him of *Silvia*, and of
 the pleasure that a man
 should reap from the
 being belov'd of her,
 that the young Gen-
 tleman believed him,
 and soon began to look
 upon her for himself.
 His eyes did tell *Sil-*
via of it, who was not
 in-

insensible of his pain;
and she may, without
blushing, confess it,
since she is like to be
sufficiently justified of
that by what follow-
eth in her story.

'Tis fit that your
Highness should know
how the young Gen-
tleman began to de-
clare himself.

The Countess of
Englesac upon a Sun-
day in Lent had a
F 2 Ser-

Sermon in her Chap.
pel, wherein a Monk
that preach'd it, did
with extraordinary e-
loquence enlarge him-
self upon the deceit-
fulness and uncharita-
bleness of the times;
pretending that Wild
Creatures had a great-
er kindness, and were
more true to one ano-
ther than men among
themselves. As the
Lady was very de-
vout,

vout, she did not forget to speak of the Sermon, and make it the Subject of discourse at the Table, asking *Silvia* and *Englesac*, and the rest of her Children, what they thought of it. The young Earl was no sooner up from the Table, but he went to his Chamber, & presently after came back to *Silvia*, desiring of her that

F 3 she

she would let him see
 her S. *Heures*, that
 is, her Book of De-
 votion; and having
 scarce open'd it, he re-
 turn'd it her with these
 words; *There are a*
great many Truths in
this Book, and those
of very great importance.
Yet all Truths are not
fit to be known of every
body; therefore keep
those to your self, I pray.
Silvia understood not
 his

his words, but she could read in his Countenance that he meant something which he did not express: Therefore longing to open the Book, she went to her Chamber, and locking up her self, she found in the Book a little paper, with these words in it.

*I know not whether
to blame or pity those
E 4 that*

that say there is no
Charity nor Love a-
mongst men, and that
they know not what is
become of them, when it
is so clear both that you
alone deserve, and that
I have for you all the
Love that can be ima-
gined in the World.
'Tis much indeed, but
not too much; and if
I could part with some
to anybody, 'twere only
to you, and upon that
ac-

account, that I hope I should be no loser by it, but rather gain more, if it were possible to add any thing to that I have already.

I shall not trouble your Highness with many notes of that kind, as the Authors of Romances use to do. This story being true, I must add only, that the young Lover in his Lady's *Hours*

F 5 met

met very happily with
 his own, which was
 so like the Shepherd's
Houre, as the *French*
 call it, as that when he
 came to call for an An-
 swer, whereof he had
 the opportunity that
 same Evening, he
 found that *Silvia* had
 more faith for what he
 writ, than for what the
 Preacher said. It was
 not long e're *Birague*
 did perceive this love,
 and

and thereupon grew
jealous, and so infinite-
ly jealous, as to resolve
to admit of no regard,
and make no reserve, to
get his revenge on *Sil-*
via, and punish her
for having preferr'd
that Gentleman to
him. Yet *Silvia* did
excuse him upon that
account, that it may
be a Lover when
he is a loser does
not think himself in
the

the common use bound
to more civility, what-
soever examples all the
Romances in the
World can bring to
the contrary. Those
be fine speculations.
But it is the defect of
humane Nature, that
nothing can be reduced
to practise either in
Morals, or in any o-
ther experiments,
which cometh not ve-
ry short of the Rule
that

that right Reason doth
prescribe to it. The
Marquis gave notice
under-hand to the
Countess of the love
of her Son, and made
her think of what dan-
gerous consequence
it might be to her
Family. The Lady,
who did not want am-
bition, and who had
reason enough to be
ambitious, her Family
being one of the No-
blest,

bleſt, and of the Richeſt in the Kingdome, was not ſlack in that buſineſs. She took a fit opportunity to draw *Silvia* into her Cloſet, that ſhe might ſpeak with her in private; and having told her, that ſhe knew her to be ſo wiſe as not to be in danger of ever yielding to any act of folly, and ſo juſt and acknowledging, as not
to.

(NI)

to be desirous to make
her advantage of the
folly of her Son; con-
cluding, that she desi-
red her that she would
so cut off all hope to
her Son, that he should
forsake the design he
had lately engaged in.
Do not you be angry,
said the Countess to
Silvia, seeing that her
discourse had made her
blush, that I speak to
you so freely. 'Tis
because

blest, and of the Richest in the Kingdome, was not slack in that business. She took a fit opportunity to draw *Silvia* into her Closet, that she might speak with her in private; and having told her, that she knew her to be so wise as not to be in danger of ever yielding to any act of folly, and so just and acknowledging, as not
to

(NI).

to be desirous to make
her advantage of the
folly of her Son; con-
cluding, that she desi-
red her that she would
so cut off all hope to
her Son, that he should
forsake the design he
had lately engaged in.
Do not you be angry,
said the Countess to
Silvia, seeing that her
discourse had made her
blush, that I speak to
you so freely. 'Tis
because

because I love you
dearly, and would ne-
ver forgive my self, if
for want of giving you
timely notice, you
should engage in any
thing that might oblige
me to desire your ab-
sence, and to complain
of you.

A secret pain, which
succeeded *Silvia's*
blush, had kept her eyes
down till the Countess
made an end of her dis-
course.

course. And although she did fore-see that she should have much to do to observe what she was going to promise; Yet, lest the Countess should resolve to put her away, she pass'd her word for what that good Lady would have her. It was not long e're this resolution did vex the young Earl extremely, who was not able to imagine with him-

himself the cause of
 the alteration that he
 saw in *Silvia*. A hun-
 dred times he would
 have asked her what
 occasion she had to do
 so? But still she was so
 well observ'd, sometimes
 of *Birague*, sometimes
 of the Mother, that she
 durst never speak with
 him, for all she was near
 as desirous as the Gen-
 tleman to have done it;
 whilst the good man
 taking

taking it for a slight of him, grew so desperate upon it, that he fell dangerously sick.

And in this place, Madam, I could wish your Highness would please to dispense me of the Law that I have made my self, to say many things in few words, and give me leave to be less short in the Relation of that Love which is yet dear
to

to my memory. But
I fear *Silvia* may be
deceived in that hope
she hath that she shall
give your Highness an
account of things that
will please you, whilst
they may, perhaps,
please none but her
self, who is still con-
cern'd in them. What
a folly it is for a Wo-
man to be in Love!
And how unhappy
must she be that hath
Honour

Honour and Virtue
both with Love?
what a sufferer was
poor *Silvia* during the
dayes that her Lover
kept his Bed, and she
was not suffered to see
him? What pains did
he suffer himself
whilst he did not see
her? I believe the
spight he took of it
was that that made him
get up the sooner, out
of the desire he had to

re/

reproach her with her hard-heartedness. I remember the very words he told her in that spiteful humour, which he did conclude in himself was the best grounded in the world. The Countess of *Englesac* was employed on a certain day to entertain the Duke of *Villars*, and the Bishop of *Aggde*, who came together to visit her. The

The *Chevalier des Es-*
sars, a worthy Gentle-
 man, and the handsom-
 est man in his Country,
 was come along with
 them.

And, as I have said
 already , that the
 Count of *Englesac* had
 two Sisters, the Eldest
 of which the *Chevalier*
 made love to ; I think
 the Duke was come
 thither on purpose to
 find a way to match
 them

them together ; and I cannot tell what was the reason that the Match was not concluded. However, whilst the Mother was talking in a great Room with the Duke, the Bishop had put the rest of the Company in mind of going into a Gallery, and all went to sit down at the end of it. *Silvia's* young Earl came thither also to sit by

by her ; and having first sighed very deeply that she did not look upon him (for she durst not do it, by reason his younger Sister did hold her on the other side, and lean'd fooling on her shoulder) he told her softly, with a tone full of spight ; *You will have me dye : I can see it well enough ; yea, you will have it so, and*
G it

*it is easie to see that you
would have been plea-
sed if you had seen me
dye of my last sickness;
But I shall live long e-
nough yet to reproach
you with your inconstan-
cy oftner than you would
have it.*

Silvia not answering
him any thing, but on
the contrary, lest his
Sister should hear
what he told her, turn-
ing her shoulder to
him,

him, and making a
 shew of fooling with
 her whilst he spoke.

This provoking more
 and more his anger, he
 went on with these

words ; *You are, I*

must tell it you again,

the most unsincere per-

son in the World, thus

to hide your self from

me. And you are no

less unjust whilst you

punish a man that you

will not bear speak for

G 2

him-

himself. *Whatsoever*
doth fill the room of your
heart, which was only
due to me, I hope it
shall have but a short
joy of it. By my desti-
ny I can fore-see that of
my Rivals, none of
which can pretend to be
more happy in you than
he that did love you
more than any man else
in the World can do;
and for ought I see,
more also than you
deserve.

deserve. To this he added so many reproachful words, that *Silvia* had much ado to keep her tears from appearing, and to answer him; she cover'd her face with her Fan, and taking her time when the *Chevalier des Essars* had obliged the young Lady *Englesac* to turn her self towards him, she told that desperate Lover;

G 3 look-

looking side-ways on him , these words ;
Be silent, do no longer afflict me. What I do I do by meer force, and constraint. I am the most unhappy Woman in the World , and I do wish I had never seen you. She rose up from her seat presently after these words , taking his Sister along with her, and went away ; resolving to avoid a
com-

commerce , which
could not be otherwise
than hurtfull to them
both.

It would be too hard
for me to expresse the
perplexity of mind ,
and the trouble where-
in that loving Gentle-
man found himself up-
on the hearing of this
news. He knew very
well, for all he said ,
that *Silvia* was sincere,
and that she must have

G 4. very

very pregnant causes, and reasons for what she did, since she did speak to him in that manner. Yet she had not said enough to his mind, and nothing could satisfy him but another interview, to clear himself of the doubts which he was left in. What did not he do to obtain it?

It is almost incredible, Madam, and it was

was such a thing as was
 still worthy of *Silvia*,
 who was destined to
 see, and to occasion all
 manner of extraordi-
 nary effects. He set
 fire to one part of the
 Castle , because he
 could devise no other
 way to disperse all the
 people that seemed to
 be hired to vex him ,
 and his Love, but by
 obliging them to fear
 something of worse
 G 5 than

than their meetings.

The Countess of *Englesac* will possibly wonder, when she shall read here the true cause of this Accident, which otherwise she might probably have been for ever ignorant of. Such was the passion her Son had for *Silvia*. And she sometimes spoke a greater truth than she
was

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was aware of, when to
expres the trouble oc-
casioned to her Family
by *Silvia*, she said,
that fair Lady had
brought fire into her
House.

Silvia indeed was
never so surprized as
she found her self
when she saw that per-
plext Lover come in-
to her Appartment,
where he fell on his
knees before her,
whilst

whilst the rest were saving themselves almost in their shirts, for it was in the night ; And when hindering her from running away with them, he confessed to her, that he had caused that disorder on purpose. *Fear nothing, said he, there is a ditch full of Water betwixt us and the fire ; You may be safe here, and never stir from your Cham-*

*Chamber; Deny me
not one moment to hear
me, when I do sacrifice
all to so dear an occa-
sion.*

Silvia did what he
desired, and heard
him, whilst she was
making her self ready.
Being convinc'd, that
he must be in great
need of speaking with
her, who for that pur-
pose only had set his
House on fire. She
told

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told him the reason of all the cold usage he had found by her of late, in her feigned flights, and the discourse she had had with his Mother; and lastly, the promises which she thought herself obliged to make that Lady, lest she should take a resolution to part them.

The Lights he got by this Conference did

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did him all the good in the World. And lastly, Madam, after a quick deliberation about what measures they should keep to deceive their Overseers for the time to come. She saw her Gentleman so well pleased, that he would not for a great deal, not to have burnt a piece of a fair Building.

Mean while the
fire

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fire which was seen
afar off had Alarm'd
the Neighbouring
Towns and Castles
round about. The
Marquis *de Birague*
being but four or five
miles off, was none of
the last that perceiv-
ed that it was our Ca-
stle which was on fire.
He got his Horses sad-
led, and rid up in hast
to us. Not finding *Sil-*
via among the other
La-

Ladies in the Park ,
where they were fled,
he ran every where to
know what was be-
come of her ; He went
up to her Chamber at
last , and was like to
have surprized there
the Earl of *Englesac*.
But as the Marquis (to
whom indeed she was
then extreamly obli-
ged) did as he went
call her with a loud
voyce, and made much
noise,

noise, that gave time
 to the Earl to hide
 himself. *Silvia* did e-
 scape that danger, by
 counterfeiting her self
 to be in a swoon, that
 so she might be excu-
 sed for staying behind.
 And by enduring some
 kisses, that the Mar-
 quis took on her
 cheeks, for his pains
 of carrying her away
 in his Arms ; She did
 abide it, and made no
 shew

shew of coming to her self again till she was a pretty way out of her Chamber, so that the cold Air might seem to have done it.

Since that time the brave Earl, and the fair Lady did live together with a great deal of care and circumspection; and the better to conceal their Love, they feigned to hate one another mortally.

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tally. They laid this plot, and went on with it with discretion and cunning enough, pretending for it the most probable causes that was possible for them to invent. *Birague* was so glad of it, that he was the first person deceiv'd in it. *Englesac's* Mother was the next, and to that degree as to chide her Son for it, and seek out a thousand

sand wayes of shewing
 her love to *Silvia*, to
 comfort her as to the
 hatred of that Gentle-
 man, and to assure her
 of her protection a-
 gainst him. In a word,
 they were happy, had
 they but been content
 with this precaution.

A man of Quality
 of that Country, about
 that time fell in Love
 with *Silvia* at a Visit
 that he made to th
 Coun

Countess of *Englesac*;
For though she had no
intention to intangle
any body else into her
Love, and was content
with that she found in
Englesac, yet it is ve-
ry hard for such per-
sons as have set their
hearts at rest, & enjoy
the happiness that *Sil-
via* found her in, to for-
bear being extream ci-
vil to others, and shew-
ing them that complai-
sance

fance and good humour
 by which they are
 caught on a sudden, be-
 fore either party be a-
 ware of it. The Earl,
 who knew wherein lay
 the true charms of *Sil-*
via, would have her
 make as if she had liked
 his Love well. This
 was too much subtilty.
 That Gentleman be-
 came deeply in Love
 with her, did often
 write to her; and the
 Earl,

Earl, by a youthful imprudence, took a fancy to make him an answer in *Silvia*'s name, wherein the humour of making a sport on't caused him to take the Liberty to make her speak amourously enough. This indiscreet Rival, as scarce any man can forbear to be otherwise when they think they are in favour, and even when they do not think

think so, shew'd this Letter to a Friend. That Friend told it another; This told it to *Birague*, who believed it to be *Silvia's* hand, and complained of it very much to her. She did chide the young Earl for it, seeing the wrong that Letter did her; But he acknowledging his error, and thinking to mend it by a greater

H fault,

fault, took a resolution to discover that himself was the Author of that writing; and that he had made only for to put a jest upon his Rival. In conclusion, a very great mischance was occasioned by these follies.

Not long after the *Chevalier des Essars* gave the divertisement of a Ball (or Feast with Dances) as the custom is

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is in *France*, to the Elder of the Ladies of *Englesac*. There was a great Assembly, and very good Company, which the nearness of the Court had occasioned to meet at the Marquis *d' Ampus*. The two Rivals were there; and having pickt a Quarrel, I know not how, they agreed to meet the next Morning about a Town,

H 2 called

(148)

called *Villeneufue* :
Their Combat was
bloody, two Seconds
were kill'd upon the
place, and the Earl's
Adversary very much
wounded. This busi-
ness had two very sad
effects. The one, that
the King having re-
new'd his Edicts against
Duels, there was no
safety for *Silvia's* poor
Lover to stay any lon-
ger in *France*. And
the

the other, that when the true cause of that Duel came to be known, the Countess of *Englesac* could not but see clearly, that the hatred betwixt her Son and *Silvia*, was but a trick they had joyntly contriv'd to put upon her.

Nothing at that time could have happened to *Silvia* of worse consequence than that. For

H 3.

as

as she was the visible
cause of all that trou-
ble, and of all those
disorders that the
Countess was fall'n
into with her whole
Family. That good
Lady the very next
morning commanded
her to be carried away
into a Cloyster, at the
same time strictly for-
bidding to let any body
come to her, till she
were resolved to take
the

the Vow of a Nun.
 Besides the affliction
 of being thus closely
 shut up, *Silvia* had a-
 nother in this occur-
 rence, which was, that
 the Cloyster she was
 lockt in was not that
 where she had been be-
 fore, and where being
 acquainted with the
 Abbess, the Count of
Englesac his Aunt, she
 might have found some
 society in her com-
 H 4 pany.

pany. But it was a
 Convent; Good Lord!
 what Convent? That
 did rather look like a
 gastly Prison than any
 thing else. She was
 kept there two whole
 Moneths, and in the
 mean while her dear
 Earl of *Englesac* was
 making his escape into
Piemont; where the
 fairest Ladies doing
 their best to get his
 Love, did justifie the
 tender

(173)

tender inclination *Silvia* had for him.

At the end of those two Moneths the King came to *Avignon* in his return from *Marseilles*, and whilst he staid there a little while upon the occasion of the Cittadel of *Orange*, which he did not like to see in a posture of defence, and strongly fortified, in the heart of his Kingdom. All the

H 5 Gal

(154)

Gallants of the Court,
during that while, did
spread themselves
every where; and the
Parlours of the Reli-
gious House had a share
in that inundation of
Courtiers. In that U-
niversal rejoycing of
the little people of
God, who were very
glad to admire the
Gallantry of so many
worthy Gentlemen,
and in their persons to
Honour

(155)

Honour their great
King, *Silvia* was us'd
with less severity.
And although the La-
dy *Englesac* did not
consent to it, she was
sometimes suffered to
see the World at the
Parlour, that she might
not have an occasion to
accuse the rest of her
Companions.

I cannot forbear tel-
ling your Highness by
the way, that this pas-
sage of the Court
through

(156)

through *Avignon* gave
such a joy to the
youngest of those Re-
cluded Women, as
that they could not
hear that the Gover-
nour of *Orange* should
surrender the place by
composition, but they
would make a thousand
imputations against the
cowardise of that man,
and thought him wor-
thy of the greatest pu-
nishment, for not stop-
ping

(157)

ping the Kings Journey
for a whole year, by a
stout resistance.

Birague not having
forsook the fair *Silvia*,
and still ready to put
on afresh for his ends,
took this opportunity
to continue to offer his
Service to her. And
a little while after, by
the means of a Gentle-
man, to whom *Engle-*
sac had sent some Let-
ters for her, she had
an

(158)

an assurance that she
was still belov'd ,
where she liked best.
Nay, one of the Nuns,
to increase her felicity
by a new Subject of
joy, did the same day
Prophesie unto her,
that Love would in
short draw her out
of Captivity. 'Tis
true, that for a good
while she was not able
to apprehend how that
might be done. It
seem-

seeming to her that she
was kept so well, and
so close, as that with-
out her Lover should
come again to set fire
to her Prison, it was
almost an impossible
thing for any body else
to encompass. The
Wall indeed of a
certain little Garden
might be climbed over,
but the Superiour had
alwayses the Key, and
it was not possible to
get

(160)

get into it, but by her leave. These were the things that *Silvia* did oppose to the hopes the Nun would have given her: But she replied not to any, she said only, that it would be as she had told her; and that she ought to be at rest for any thing else.

Three dayes after,
the Duke of *Lorrain*,
whose Treaty of
Peace

Peace had been concluded at St. *Jean de Luz*, came Post to meet the King at *Avignon*. This Prince, still more gallant than unfortunate, and a Worshipper of the fair Sex, as well under the veil, as in other Dresses; after his Complements at Court, went to increase the number of those that us'd to / attaque the Parlours. The Duke

(162)

Duke of *Guyse* that was then, followed him afterwards ; and this Prince sticking more to the company of *Silvia* than that of any other ; she did presently imagine that the Prophecie had some regard to him, & that he was the man by whose means she was to get her Liberty. He did really follow her so close from the

(163)

the first to the last day ;
and shew'd her his
Love and respect in so
obliging a manner, that
he gave her, not only
the hopes of her Li-
berty, but even of a
great Fortune, if she
would but hear him.
And more than this ;
She could not forbear
thinking , that she
should in a short time
see all things accom-
plished when she heard
that

(164)

that the Duke had had the goodnes to speak to the Queen-Mother about her business. But her good Fortune was stopt there, and went no further for this time. The old Countess of *Englesac* having some notice given her by her Spies, of the Duke's designs, had prevented the good mind of that great Princess. She had given

(165)

given her such a pernicious Character of *Silvia's* conduct, as made her guilty of all the misfortune of her Son, and of all the trouble of her Family, of the last blood-shed, and of the breaking of the King's Edicts. The Mar-
queeze *des Essars*, and even that of *Am-
pus*, went also to tell the Queen that no-
thing could be done by
her

(166)

her Majesty that were
of greater merit before
God , than to keep
that young Lady close
shut up. This was e-
nough to set the Queen
extreamly against *Sil-*
via. The Duke of *Guyse*
could not prevail to
have her removed, nor
to get the least favour
for her ; the Queen
refused him absolute-
ly, though with very
good Grace ; telling
him

(167)

him he was somewhat too gallant an Intercessor, to expose a young Lady to the danger of being so extraordinarily obliged to him. He made a second attempt the next day, and set on again on the same errand, being assisted by Monsieur *de Lorraine*, and by a certain Princess, which did offer to be surety for *Silvia*. But the Queen could

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could not be removed from her resolution. Yet some Friends having made a charitable party for *Silvia*, it was inutter'd abroad, that if she were desirous to get her Liberty, she must buy it with marrying Old *Cabrieres*, who had offered *Madam of Englesac* to take her.

The Duke of *Guyse* would himself be the
Messen-

(169)

Messenger of this news, rightly conceiving, that if *Silvia* should hear it from any body else, the answer that she would give to it, without any more, would render useles, and vain all his former endeavours. And he was not really very much mistaken in that, for she had much ado to hear that proposal from the Duke's own
I mouth.

mouth. And seeing that he did seriously apply himself to make her apprehend of what Advantage it was very often to a handsom Woman to have a Husband not altogether worthy of her Love ; and in whose defects she might find a more than reasonable dispensation from conjugal duties ; Out of a gay and foolish humour,

mour, which she was
 in at all times, she
 found more subject of
 mirth and laughter,
 than of affliction, in
 that the great hopes
 which she had conceiv-
 ed of the Duke's nego-
 tiation were vanisht all
 away of a sudden ; she
 therefore answered
 him smilingly, that he
 did but jest, and that
 she had rather have
 heard him speak for

(172)

himself, than for that Old Husband he did offer her. The Duke began to laugh as well as she, finding a certain charm and allurements in her folly, which engaged him still to love her the more. Thus the business was ended, and the Prophecie had no other effect on that side.

The Nun, whom *Silvia* did acquaint secretly,

secretly, and as a friend;
with all these passages,
could see very well the
error she was in for
want of construing her
words right. For she
did not mean, when
she said, that Love
would set her free, that
it should be that of any
of those Princes. But
being discreet, she did
not think fit to display
unto her more particu-
lars, till she did see all

I 3 things

(174)

things in a disposition to favour the good success of her Prophecie; and when she knew it was time to do it, she discovered the whole plot to her.

During those moments of Liberty, which the Nuns did enjoy at their Parlours, against the Rule of their Order, since the coming near of the King, which was done only

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only to Honour that great Monarch with something of extraordinary. *Fouquet*, a young Gentleman, extremely full of wit, had tied a Friendship with that Nun of *Silvia's* acquaintance. She was Daughter to the last Baron *de Fontaine*, who (after the political custom of the greatest part of the *French Nobility*) to enrich his

I. 4 Son,

(176)

Son had made an offering of her to a Convent. This poor victim had many times protested against her Vows. Her Brother also was dead since her being shut up, and she was extremely vext to see a fair Estate, to which she was the right Heir, go away into the hands of two Aunts of hers. *Fouquet* finding some

some charm in her company, could no more than she bear with so great a Tyranny; he had promis'd her his assistance, and love improving his power every moment the more in these two Lovers, by reason of the grate that withstood it, *Birague* still blowing the fire (For this plot was not laid without him;) That

I 5

Gen.

(178)

Gentleman had at the last resolv'd upon the carrying the Lady away. They had weigh'd every thing, and put all in a readines; the Key of the Garden they had got, and counterfeited it, and a *Tour-reere* (she that keeps the turning-box in a Nunnery , through which things are conveyed, and the people both wayes unseen)
was

was in the plot, for all things are possible to Love, that wisheth it self rid out of a Convent, and hopes to be set free from the Vow of a Cloyster-life..

The night that the execution was to be, The Nun opened the whole mystery to Silvia, and asked her if she would be glad by the same means, that Fouquet should free her

her from the hands of her persecutors. At first she was surprized with that proposal; and could not like absolutely of such proceedings; yet after she had made some further reflexion upon the condition that she was in, which was like to last long enough if she did not take hold of the occasion that offered to set her self at Liberty; She

She was content to meet
 the Nun in the Gar-
 den about mid-night:
 which was perform'd
 very cunningly; they
 had staid hardly a quar-
 ter of an hour, when
 they heard the signal
 agreed on with *Fou-*
quet, who when they
 had answered him; be-
 gan to set his leggs over
 the Wall, and come
 down the row of
 Trees, that were set
 on

on it ; whose Pails and Stakes being none of the strongest, made a noise as they brake. *Silvia* was then terribly affrighted, and it may be said, ten times more than the Nun, though she did in effect run much lesser hazard. *Fouquet* perceiving it, did all he could to settle her mind, and to encourage her ; and lest they should

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should lose time, he
began to set his fair
Nun on her way.

I wish I were able to
set out clearly to your
Highness that rare and
pleasant way he took to
carry his Ladies over
the Wall ; It being un-
safe to take their way
by the broken Stakes.
He bow'd himself
down, resting with his
hands against the Wall,
and so had them one
after

(184)

after another upon his back. Then would he raise himself up by degrees, with the Lady thus got on his shoulders, and she holding fast in the mean while of some Iron hooks that were in the Wall. Next he ascended upon a great stone which lay at his feet; Last of all, the Women put their feet a top of the Gentleman's

man's Head , from
whence they were able
to sit upon the Wall.
Being got thither, a
kind of a *Vallet de*
Chambre, (who needed
not to reach so high on
his side, by reason the
ground was higher,)
did receive them on
Horse-back ; The La-
dies had Hats given
them, which they put
on, together with long
Cloaks, to hide their
Pet-

(186)

Petticoats ; And in
that Equipage they
Rid like Horse-men
out of the City, which
did not use to be shut
up at night since the
King's coming into
those parts.

They had gone on
a good way e're *Silvia*
was able to know whi-
ther they were lead ;
And she turning in her
mind a thousand
thoughts, sometimes
plea-

pleasant enough, sometimes very sad, was continually reflecting upon the sad effects that this carrying of her self, and the Nun away might have in time. The Marquis *de Birague*, whom she knew to be a man of intrigue, watchfull, and ready to take all Advantages, was none of the things that troubled her the least, nor

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nor no Enemy to be
sighted. And she
would sometimes say
to *Fouquet* and his
Nymph, that of ma-
lice had begun to men-
tion him to her ; You
shall see that man
will turn himself
so many wayes, as
that at last he will find
us out, and spoyle our
affairs. Why, why?
would then say the
Nun, I take *Birague*
to

to be a gallanter man than so, and I could trust him as soon as any body. *Fouquet*, who as well as the Nun, did betray *Silvia*, would add to that, that really *Birague* was a very honest Gentleman, and fitter to serve a Lady than to put her to any trouble. True, said *Silvia* then, if he were less concern'd for his own Interest, and would

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would not desire still a recompence and payment for every small obligation that one may have him; But I never saw a man so tiring, and that goes more straightly to his end than he doth.

Thus the good company went on their way, *Fouquet*, and his fair Prize giving a thousand Commendations to *Birague*. And
Silvia

Silvia not concealing
 any thing of what she
 mislikedin him, where-
 at they were ready to
 burst with laughing ;
 And calling to their
Vallet de Chambre, they
 would jeer him for be-
 ing asleep. You may
 judge, Madam, whe-
 ther they might not di-
 vert themselves, and be
 merry, since the *Vallet*
de Chambre was no o-
 ther than the Marquis
 of

of *Birague* himself,
 who had made this plot
 with *Fouquet*, and was
 carrying *Silvia* to one
 of his Houses; But
 the case was a little al-
 ter'd when they alight-
 ed; The Nun, who
 was indeed less affraid
 of men than *Silvia*,
 said then to *Birague*
 with a loud voyce,
 Come on, Noble *Val-
 let de Chambre*, will
 you please to light
 down,

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down , and help this fair Lady to do the same? But *Silvia* cryed out so loud, as that it might have been heard at a great distance , when some lights being brought to the door she saw the face of *Birague* ; and the Company had enough to do to settle her spirits from the fright that she took at that sight : Why then
K would

would say that poor Gentleman, who was really afflicted to see *Silvia* so hard set against him ; Had you rather, in good faith, be still in the Cloyster, and lye open to the revenge of Madam of *Englesac*, and all the effects that in time it was like to have brought upon you, than to think your self a little beholden to me

(195)

me for your Liberty?
Fouquet and his Lady
did much help him to
perswade *Silvia* to
shew her self less wild,
and more acknowledg-
ing of his intended
good Service. And
she was at last, with
much ado, prevail'd
upon to pardon them
that treachery. Next,
they advised all toge-
ther, what measures
they should take to
K 2 avoid,

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avoid, or prevent the ill consequences of that *Escapade.* Silvia, and the Religious Woman went both to bed together; and the Gentlemen thought fit to return to *Avignon* before day, that they might both shew themselves there, and hear the news of the Town: And so went in at another Gate than that they had gone out by.

It

It was scarce break
of day when the Alarm
began to be very hot
in the Monastery.
The news of the La-
die's flight was spread
abroad in a moment.
An Aunt of the Nun,
which was then at the
Court, did complain
very highly of the
Nuns, saying, they
had given their consent
to the flight of her
Niece. The Lady of

K 3

Eng-

Englesac fearing lest her Son, of whose pardon she had still some hopes, should take the opportunity of marrying *Silvia* somewhere out of *France*, spoke yet with more earnestness than any body; And did even implore the Queen's Justice. Her Majesty suspecting the Duke of *Guyse* had a hand in the business, did look less kindly upon

upon him all that day :
 The Duke, who was
 very innocent of all,
 did protest that he had
 no share in it : And de-
 siring to remove all
 suspicion from him,
 sent some of his own
 Servants to seek after
 the Nuns. So that
Silvia and her Cam-
 rade were not a little
 busie, being embark't
 into an affair of that
 consequence , and
 K 4 ha-

having so many set up
 against them. All they
 could do was only to let
 things slumber a little,
 and slip out of the dis-
 course and memory of
 men, whilst the King
 was reducing *Orange*;
 and in the mean while
 to comfort themselves
 the best they were able
 in *Birague's* House.

It hath not been the
 Opinion, nor the talk
 of the World, that
 those

those two Gentlemen
 were, during that time,
 as wise and sober as the
 strictest Monks; Every
 body hath been ineli-
 nable rather to believe
 they made use of the
 opportunity, and did
 enjoy those Goods
 which Fortune seemed
 to offer unto them. Yet
Silvia cannot but do
 them that Justice, as to
 profess, that never men
 were more respectfull,

K 5

nor

nor more modest, that
 in the condition where-
 in she saw her self, and
 full of fears, and ter-
 rours as she was, she
 did not hope they
 would have been so
 discreet, and so tem-
 perate. And that it
 was then that she began
 to set a greater value
 upon *Birague* then she
 had ever done before:
 Let any body else that
 will, be as just to her, as
 she

she is to the Gentle-
man.

Silvia and the Nun
did not stay long in
that House. For the
King a few dayes after
had the Keys of *Orange*
delivered to him, and
having set a good num-
ber of *Pioneers* to de-
molish the Cittadel, he
went all along the low-
er *Languedoc*, till he
came to the Isle of the
Conference, where the
Infanta

Infanta was to meet him. *Fouquet*, who wanted neither wit nor Friends, did think fit to make use of the passage of that little Army, which commonly does compose the attendance of Kings, to ride away with less suspicion out of a dangerous Neighbour-hood. He put the Ladies into Chariots of Baggage, dressed them like Mer-

Merchant's Wives
 following the Court,
 and the word being
 given to take on the
 right hand, when they
 should come beyond
Carcassonne, he had
 them carried to *Thou-*
louse, under pretence
 of going thither to take
 in Provisions for *Mon-*
sieur, the King's
 Brother.

The Lady President *
 of ----- I know not
 what,

what, I have forgot
her name; A good
Old Widdow, and a
Couzen of the Nun's,
who had never ap-
prov'd of her being
forc'd to take the vows
of a Religious Life,
received them both in-
to her House; And
taking presently in
hand the defence of
her Kins-woman,
brought her cause to
the Parliament, of
whom

whom she desired a Warrant for her Niece to have the liberty of her Person, that she might pursue the dissolution of her Vows. She obtain'd it at last, after a long time, and much ado ; And *Forqueret*, although he had been put almost to all the trouble, did not reap the fruit of it. But I need say no more of the circumstances of that story,

story, which now has nothing to do with that of *Silvia*.

Being come to the Old President, she did not think her self much safer there than in *Birague* his House. It may be she was less; For Fame, that Monster, that grows bigger and bigger as it sets forward, had spread the noise of her Story as far as *Tboulouse*,
and

and drawn her Character in far worser colours than those the Marqueeze of *Ampus*, and the Countess of *Englesac* had made use of, to ruine her, with the Queen. Several came every day, without knowing who she was, to tell her Stories, or Fables rather, of her Life, which did not a little vex the poor Lady. On the other side,

side, the Old President seeming to suspect somewhat of the truth, though *Silvia* went only for a Maid that waited on the Nun, was not very well pleas'd to see her in her House; It was much worse when her Cousen, thinking to do *Silvia* good Service, did open the whole Mystery unto her. She took exception against those
 assi-

assiduities of *Birague* ;
 And the jealousy of the
 Marqueeze his Wife,
 which did now pro-
 claim every where,
 how much she did sus-
 pect the familiarity of
 her Husband with *Sil-*
via, gave another on-
 set to the business. The
 watchfulness and dili-
 gence that the Coun-
 tess of *Englesac* did
 use for to find her out,
 went still beyond all
 the

the rest of her persecutions. The good Old Woman was affraid lest any body should come to her Cousin to be inform'd of what was become of *Silvia*. For the Nun was now no longer concealed; and it was easie for any body to think that being both miss'd in the Convent at the same time, they had gone out together, and knew some-

something one of the other. All that caused the good Woman, under a fair pretence of being careful of *Silvia's* Interest, to advise her to go out of *Languedoc* as soon as she should be able.

Silvia understood what she meant, and took it for granted, that she must be gone, and that it must be so ; but yet found her self in a
strange

strange perplexity of mind, not knowing any further which way to go, nor how to dispose of her self, as having no Friends, no Kindred, no Acquaintance that she could think of; So that the only refuge that was left to her, was to resign her self again to *Birague's* discretion. He offered to carry her to *Paris*, and never to leave her. But
his

his passion was to be feared, and his Company was subject to too much suspicion. What to do? in so intricate an occurrence! Her good Fortune still took care to rid her out of this.

When the Lady *Moliere* did formerly proclaim against *Silvia*, intending to revenge the Death of her Husband; The news of it

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it had been spread up every where. The story of her Birth had been read as a curious piece in all the Gazetts, and News-Books. A Duke of *Kendale* mixt therein did set it out extreamly ; The noise of it had gone beyond the Frontiers, and most remote Borders of the Kingdom. The Marquis *de St. Estienne*, one of

of the Commanders
 under the Prince of
Conde, being still at
Brussels, gave it as a
 novelty, and a piece
 of curiosity to one of
 the most charming La-
 dies in that Countrey;
 who was a passionate
 Lover of fine Adven-
 tures; and this was a
 means, and as it were,
 the first step to *Silvia's*
 preservation.

The Marqueeze of
 L *Sevill*

Serill (such is that
 Lady's name) whose
Ruëlle hath ever been
 full of what the Low-
 Countries have had of
 most choyce and ac-
 complished Gallants,
 was a Lady of a most
 exact and delicate
Shape ;^z Who had
 been formerly very
 young, and very hand-
 som ; and in whose
 phyfiognomy some-
 thing of Princely
 might

might be seen. She
 had infinitely of that
 fine wit which took so
 much in *France*, be-
 fore the fashion was of
 being *less formall* and
 curious in discourse
 and behaviour both,
 and you could in no-
 thing oblige her more,
 than by imparting to
 her some witty intri-
 gue: Princes, Mar-
 queffes, Earls, and
 Barons have had the

good luck to please her
that way : And not so
much as a Brother to
the ² *Secretary of Com-*
mands to the Prince of
Conde hath escaped be-
ing intangled by her
into some Adventure
not unworthy of her
great wit.

Your Highness will
not think this Cha-
racter free from guilt,
when you see by the
rest of my story that
this

this Lady hath bestowed a great deal upon *Silvia*, and done her much good. But who is able to conceal from a Friend, so rare and so fine a Picture? It would rather be a Crime to hide it, considering chiefly that the Person her self would take it kindly from us ; So far she would be from being against it, if she

L 3 were

were living still.

I will therefore add,
that the Duke of *Kendale* being young and
handsome, was her
first Heroe, When
she had leave to go
through *Paris*, upon
her way to *Catalonia*,
whither she was going
to meet her Husband.
That six or seven years
after, when that Duke
was Lieutenant General
of the King's Army
in

in those parts, she was
 like to have ³ *confound-*
ed him with pleasant
 Adventures and Gal-
 lantries in the very
 bustle of the War and
 Arms (though never
 so cumberfom.) There
 was not a day that she
 sent not to him; and
 she made use for that
 of incredible subtilties;
 she would often put on
 a disguise to go and
 meet him in his very

L 4 Tent;

Tent ; So that one time among the rest, she was taken for a Spie, and carried to him by the Souldiers. The Duke, who had been extreemly taken with her in the year 1645, or 46, was not ungrateful to those new tokens of so particular an esteem. 'Tis said, that he did return his thanks to her by all the complaisance that might be

be expected from him;
 And they that desire
 to find a reason for
 every thing may assure
 themselves, that if
 it were not meerly
 Hunting and hazzard
 which brought him
 into the Child's Cot-
 tage, in 1652, He must
 have come thither up-
 on the desire of the
 Marqueeze, whomight
 have heard something
 of the extraordinary

L 5

Birth

Birth of *Silvia* ; and who having compassion on her, had without question engaged that charitable Lord to do her good. But I stay too long upon this digression ; let us come up again to our Subject.

The Marquis *de St. Estienne* did then, according as I have said above , entertain that Lady with the Relation

tion of *Silvia's* Adventures ; And she being naturally very compassionate to gallant infortunes, presently took a fancy to relieve *Silvia* ; Whether this was a continuation of that tender pity which the Marqueeze is thought to have had for her, in 1652, or the effect of a more casual commiseration, which she had of the famous
 desti-

destiny of an unknown Person ; Yet *Silvia* must still acknowledge her self bound to her for it.

To this effect the Marqueeze began ^{4 to} *make shew*, as if she had the curiosity, which otherwise she was not like to have, of being present to the interview of the two Kings on the River of *Bidassoa*, and to see the
the

the Ceremony of the *Infanta's* marriage with *Lewis August*. She took her way by Land, from one end of *France* almost to the other; And that she might have an occasion to come and hear of *Silvia* in the County of *Venaissin*.^s She gave out, that she did intend to meet the Court in those parts.

At that very time
Fouquet

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Fouquet and *Birague* were stealing, and carrying away the Nun and *Silvia*; The Mar-
queeze came to *Avig-*
non the very next day
after that expedition;
which gave her still a
greater mind to find out
the Person she was in
search of; For her
Noble heart did mea-
sure the esteem that is
to be made of people,
according to the more
or

or less Adventures
which they had gone
through.

Yet *Silvia's* being
stoln away, and lost
out of the eyes of the
World, was a thing
that mixt a great deal
of melancholy to the
satisfaction the Mar-
queeze had to find *Sil-*
via thereby the more
worthy of her care and
affection; And really,
it would have vext any
body,

(232)

body, being come so far of purpose to see an unknown Person, at the end of so long a Journey, to miss her. She was continually amongst those that were most deeply concern'd in those affairs, that she might make her own Advantage of what should come to their knowledge. For that same reason she sought to be acquainted with

with the Marqueeze
d' Ampus ; Renewed
her old friendship with
the Duke of *Guyse* ,
whom she had former-
ly known in the Low-
Countries , when he
was following his
Loves there ; and she
had great hopes to en-
gage him to reveal unto
her a secret, which he
himself knew nothing
of: So that she made
him almost mad with
the

the desperate persecution she made him about the flight of *Silvia*.

But all that care and trouble was fruitless ; The Court removed from thence ere any body could tell which way the stoln Ladies had gone ; The Marqueeze did attend it as far as the Isle of the *Conference*, and could hear no further of the
Sub-

Subject of her own
Journey. The King's
Marriage was not like
the Conclusion of a
Romance, where all
the Heroes must have
a meeting together;
That was rather the
cause that she could not
think of going to
Tboulouse, to seek for
Silvia; For she went
away e're any thing
was known of the re-
treat of the Nun, with
whom

whom, afterwards, it was thought that *Silvia* might be.

At last she was upon her return homewards, full of confusion and discontent, telling every where as she went, to all the people she met with, the lamentable story of *Silvia*, and the ill success of her labour in so tedious a Journey ; Sometimes her *Gentleman-Usher* ⁶

Usher & did perform that Office whilst she took some Rest, when an unexpected, and unlookt-for Adventure accrewing to so many others, gave the Mar-queeze all manner of satisfaction.

The Countess of *Englesac* not failing to send to *Tboulouse*, as the Old President had fore-seen ; and the Person she sent shewing
ing

ing an Order from the Queen, that *Silvia* should be taken, and shut up, wheresoever she should be found; It would not have been safe for *Silvia* to balance, or waver any longer betwixt the offers that *Birague* had made, and falling into the disgrace that threatned her. She had accepted of them, and was gone to *Bourdeaux*,

deaux, under the conduct of my Lady *Pratt*, a Kins-woman of *Birague*, with an intention to stay for him there, whilst the Lady took care of some business she had in that Parliament. *Silvia* was afterwards to trust her self upon his word into *Birague's* hands, and so go to *Paris*, where she resolved to put her self

self into a Cloyster of
 her own accord, the ve-
 ry next day after that
 of her arrival. What
 does your Highness
 think happened then?
 The Lady *Pratt* and
Silvia went to Lodge
 at *Bordeaux* just at the
 very same place where
 the Marqueeze of *Se-
 vil* had took her Lodg-
 ings the day before.
Silvia did see her; A
 certain *je ne scay quoy*
 did

did strike into the
minds of both at the
first sight ; And whe-
ther it was an effect of
sympathy betwixt her
that was the scope of
Adventures, and she
that did aim at them ;
or that a more secret
spring did move them
both ; From that mo-
ment they begun to
look and wonder at one
another, and to be de-
sirous of knowing
M more

more each of the other. *Silvia* told it the Lady *Pratt* , who found yet that they had some resemblance.

Both Ladies having those dispositions to a correspondence, at last, resolved upon a visit. The Lady , who did use, as hath been said, to tell, or get her Gentleman to relate her story to every one she met, who had the mean

meen of Illustrious Strangers ; as *Silvia*, and her Guide, left them at night her Servant to inform them of what she was.

Judge you, Madam, what was *Silvia's* wonder and amazement, when she heard her name in that Relation, and when the Gentleman added, that the Marqueeze was come expressly from *Brussels*

M. 2 to

to adopt her, and carry her away into *Flanders*; and that she would give half of her Estate to know where *Silvia* was.

At the first she thought her self discovered, and could not imagine what should be the reason of that Ceremony, with which they came coldly to speak to her of her self, without
it

it were for to make sport, and play with her a little, before they did shew the Order they had to stop her. To be short, *Silvia* not knowing as yet the true Character of the spirit of that Lady, could see nothing in that occurrence that did look natural and ingenuous; She had thereupon the worst night that ever she

M 3 past

past in all her life ; And
 for all the hopes that
 the Lady *Pratt* would
 have given her, who
 made a better Judg-
 ment of it, she could
 not keep herself from
 trembling at the
 thoughts of the friend
 of Madam *Englesac*
 till it was day.

'Tis true, the excess
 of her trouble was
 somewhat alay'd the
 day after, when the
 Mar-

Marqueeze came to
 render them a second
 visit, which was as soon
 as she was dress'd. My
 Lady *Pratt*, who cer-
 tainly hath a very gal-
 lant wit, begun to *dive*
into the humour ⁸ of so
 extraordinary a Person;
 And after many questi-
 ons she thought fit to
 return her one story for
 another, and to let her
 see that *Silvia* was the
 very same person of
 M 4 whom

whom she had so tender, and generous a compassion. For my Lady *Pratt* had a fancy, as it might very well be, that the Relation of the misfortunes of *Silvia*, which was made to the Marqueeze by St. *Estienne*, had inspired into that merciful Lady a Motherly love towards her.

In effect a greater
joy

joy could not be imagined in the World than was her joy, when she heard *Silvia's* name, and that manner of finding her, or rather, lighting upon her by so great a chance, endearing her still the more to that Noble Lady; her transport was so great, as that they could not be parted for a long while; and *Silvia* was like to

M 5 have

have left her life for joy in her first embraces. Two dayes after *Silvia* did resolve to make use of that Adventure, and not to stay for the Marquis of *Birague*, who out of the spight that he took at it, lost in time, the remembrance of *Silvia's* Charms, and renew'd his Friendship with the Widdow *Moliere* ; Though
some

some people may
 blame him for that, yet
Silvia her self did not ;
 But rather said , that
 the Marquis was not
 the first man, who be-
 ing much in Love, or
 else taking himself to
 be so, after an ill suc-
 cess with the subject of
 his desire, had sought
 for some satisfaction
 elsewhere.

Silvia did thank the
 Heaven for a succour so
 un-

unexpected, and so
seasonable, and neces-
sary a favour; And
left *Bourdeaux* few
dayes after with much
more content, and less
fear than she had come
to it. The Marqueeze
did bestow a whole
World of Commen-
dations and caresses on
her by the way as they
went, and gave her
such tokens of an earn-
est, and pressing ten-
derness,

derness, that at the last, she could not forbear to look upon her as upon one that was her true Mother. Yet she did not like *Silvia* should call her so; But told her, that her face would not give consent to a truth which was acknowledged by the heart. And really the former of these two had till then, for
above

above five and twenty years, preserv'd it self in such a flower of Youth, as rendred the quality of a Mother inconsistent with so much of Youth and Beauty. Thus *Silvia* was oblig'd to keep within the name of Sister, wherewith she was content, and thought her self too much honoured. At last, they came to
Paris,

Paris , and there they staid till after the magnificent Entry of their most Christian Majesties.

In a space of time so considerable, and with such a Sister, spent in *Paris*, whether in that conjuncture the curiosity of the shew had drawn the eyes of strangers from all the parts of *Europe* ; Your Highness

(256)

ness will easily conceive, that there might have happened to *Silvia* many things worth the mentioning; But whatsoever happened, she was not concern'd in it; All went to the Mar-queeze of *Sevil*, of whom she had desired that she might be seen but of few people till they should come to *Brussels*. I must except

except only , that a
Friend of the Duke of
Guyse , coming in a
disguise to see her, did
offer with many pro-
testations to make her
a Sovereign Princess,
if she would ; That
the next day after, she
refused to take at his
hand a pair of Pen-
dents, of great value,
which he would have
presented her with;
and that she did chuse
rather

(258)

rather to uphold the
unfortunate Love of
her banished *Englesac*,
than give way to a man
that made her so fine
proffers: Besides this,
nothing of extraordi-
nary did happen unto
Silvia in her passage
through *France*. I
need not name that
Gallant, of *Silvia's*.
Madam, your High-
ness knows very well
who I mean, and that
he

he resolved afterwards to be reveng'd of her, by rendering himself to a young Lady that did not prove so scrupulous as *Silvia*.

A moneth after she came within sight of the walls of *Brussels*; her new Sister carried her in, as if it had been in a kind of triumph: She was there for above a fortnight the sub-

subject of an hundred
 Relations of Adven-
 tures, every one made
 by the Marqueeze her-
 self in choice words;
 all the gallant and com-
 plying People of the
 Court ¹⁰ did recieve
 with respect and faith
 the Reasons that she
 was pleased to give,
 for adopting of *Sit-
via* to her Heir. Some
 did exaggerate unto
 her the likeness of
 their

their persons, the more
to shew the justice of
her action: but I can-
not well say, whether
this did please her as
much as the rest.

To be short, *Silvia*,
Madam, was there
two years in the midst
of the *Spanish* Court-
ship, and Gallantry.
But lest I should prove
troublesome to your
Highness, by too
long a reading, and
that

that *Silvia* may also
 take a little breath; I
 leave the Relation of
 what befel her there,
 of most remarkable,
 and of the rest of her
 Adventures, for the
 next occasion that she
 shall have of writing
 to your Highness. I
 am

*Your Highnesses most
 Humble, and
 most Obedient Servant,
 H. S. D. M.*

Notes on the first Part.

(a) **T***He Memories*: I have chu'd rather to call this the *Adventures*, than History, Relation, or *Memories*, as the *French* Title is; because I see that in the whole the Writer of this Relation does chiefly insist upon extraordinary things, such as are termed *Adventures*, and does not follow every particular passage of the Life, as the *Memories* are wont to do. Every body knows that *Adventure* in Romances, and even in common language, is taken for the unexpected good or bad success in any affair: The *Adventures* of five Hours are full of that; Yet some are of opinion that *Adventure* has not been long a very common *English* word in this sense; in which it is *French* properly, as what they call *Dire la bonne Aventure*, is in *English*, To tell some body *His good Fortune*. But it is more in fashion to lay *Memories* than *Adventures*; and the mode in speaking
right

Notes on the first part.

right or wrong, as well as in dresses, is a Tyrant that will be obey'd.

(b) *Silvia*. In the alterations that I have made (as for example, in this particular of speaking of *Silvia*, as of the third person, whereas the *French* makes her speak in, the first all along) I should not need to justify myself, nor give you any account of what I do, if I would but desire you to put your self to the trouble of suspending your judgment, till you have gone through the Book. For then I am sure you will find that I have some reason on my side: yet I must entreat you, in this occasion, to undergo that penance, if you read this with the spirit of a Critick; Else I hope you will find it as smooth every whit, to say, *Silvia* did, *Silvia* said, as I did, or I spoke thus: Some indeed will have it, that when you read any thing that is very pleasant; as for example; the burning of the Cattle, and *Silvia's* being carried in a swoon out of the House in the Arms of *Birague*; her being in the Closet with *Englesac*: It is more pleasant still to have it in the first person, by reason of an application, and a certain interim that the Reader takes in it: But when the case is altered, and that

Silvia

Notes on the first Part.

Silvia is lockt up in another Closet with the Old Countess, or guarded in the Cloyster, or stript of the Prince of *Salmes* his Clothes, as you shall see in the second part. Then, I believe, some had rather it were *She* than *I*. 'Tis sometimes your fear, and sometimes your pleasure that rules you; 'twere hard to serve them both at once; I have took care that you might not be offended. Do your self your best to be pleased.

(c) *Lin. 13. In the first place.* I have omitted here of purpose two or three lines of unnecessary complements to her Highness.

(d) *It would be easie, &c.* Here I have quite alter'd the thing. The *French* sayes, *If I would borrow the lustre* of some Romantick Heroina, There might be found men in the World, as some are found already, that would labour to countenance the fable of her pedigree, and by that render her true story more dark, and more doubtful. *Silvia* aims at perswading her Highness of the truth of her being the Duke of *Kendale's* Heir; and I desire to do the best I can to divert you.

(e) *Her pretty carriage.* The *French* hath, *Mes petites facons*. That's very good *French*; but the *English* would not

N

be

Notes on the first Part.

be so, if one should say *My little fashions*. Thus the *French* say, *Il a assez bonne façon*. He is well enough behaved. *Vous faites bien des façons, vous faites trop de façons*. Whereof the *English* is, You make too much Ceremony. Thus you see how *French* and *English* fashions will differ sometimes.

(f) *A Financier*. The King's Treasure and Revenues, in *French* are called *Finances*, which was the Old word for all manner of money, and more especially for Tribute-money, from the word *Finer*, to pay; from whence the *English*, *Fine*. From the word *Finances* they are call'd *Financiers*, that are either Treasurers, Controllers, Intendents, Super-intendents, or Farmers of the King's Customs, Rights, Demain, &c. as *Moliere* was in the Province of *Languedoc*.

(g) *The Marquis de Birague*. I find it easier, and better *English* too, to let alone the proper names of persons; and even those that are used in *France*, to distinguish the Rank, and condition of people, than to alter them. Take it therefore for granted, that I will do so for the most part. Only excepting *Englesac*, who being the Heroe of this Story, I have

Notes on the first Part.

have thought fit to bestow on him the English Title of Earl.

(b) 'Tis like her Husband, &c. That has been added, and the rest of the story doth justifie it to be true. It makes me remember a most witty passage in the *Joconde of la Fontaine*, which runs thus.

*Tous deux dormoient, dans cet abord
Joconde*

Voulut les envoyer dormir en l'autre monde.

Mais cependant il n'en fit rien

Et mon avis est qu'il fit bien.

Le moins de bruit que l'on peut faire

En telle affaire.

Est le plus seur de la moitié.

Soit par prudence ou par pitié

Joconde ne tua personne.

D'éveiller ces Amans, il ne le falloit pas.

Car son honneur l'obligeoit en ce cas

De leur donner le trepas :

A son remords je t'abandonne,

Vy Mechante; dit il tout bas.

(i) To have made her go halves, &c. The French, may be, is not so happy in that expression, *D: me faire partager le soin de cette vengeance.* To share the

Notes on the first Part.

care is somewhat too ambiguous ; yet the other is not immodest, though a more significant, and fore-warning word.

(k) *Badineries*. Waggishnesses. I know 'tis very much a-la-mode, to use dry *French* words in an *English* discourse. But besides the mode, I find this reason for that, that there is no Language in the World, but may help another with many most proper expressions, which cannot be render'd into it by any circumlocution, much less word for word : Which made an ingenious, and speculative Gentleman tell me once, that it were to be wish'd a Collection were made of all those words, in all the Tongues that are known among us ; In two or three times that one reads them ; by the sense, and their connexion with others, he will understand the meaning, and apprehend more than can be represented to his fancy by any other way. Yet I find it necessary to give a near signification for the first time, lest it should cause an interruption in your memory, if you were put to look elsewhere.

(l) *The Wood*, &c. This has been added as a grace to the Story, or what you please.

(m) *The result.* *Le refrain.*
sayes

Notes on the first Part.

sayes the *French*, *Refrain* properly is the burthen of a song, or Ballad, the last line or two of the first Stanza, which are taken in again in every other. If any body thinks that I am too curious and nice in picking up words, let him, if he be a Stranger, take this from me, that the *English* Tongue is capable, not only of as great a strength, but also of as much fineness, and delicacy of expression as any other that is, or hath been us'd in any Age; And if he be an *English*-man, I hope he will not put me to the trouble of making an Apology for my love to his Natural Tongue.

(n) Had never trusted him with that secret. Of which the reason may be, that she would not give him occasion to suspect any thing of her former intelligence with Kendale.

(o) p. 69. *The Cavalier*. 'Tis a *French* expression, cannot well be *Englished* by any single word. The *French*, when they mean a Gallant Gentleman, will sometimes say of him, *c'est un Cavalier de merite, un des plus accomplis Cavaliers que je connoisse*; and as the *Italian* and *Spaniards*, *Cavaliere*, & *Cavalero*: It is taken alone for a person of fine and gentile

Notes on the first Part.

parts, in opposition to rude, and ill behaved people. Thus they say, *Cela est fort Cavalier*, *Cela est un peu trop Cavalier*; That is to say, Gallant, Cavalier-like.

(p) p. 81. *To his Mistress*. The French sayes, *a sa Dame*. But his Lady, in English, does signifie his Wife: A Mistress, and *une Maistress*, are the same thing always, but not Lady, and Dame.

(q) p. 90. *Whom he made a fool of*. I know not how to render more significantly, The French, *Il la traittoit deplaisante dupe*. If any body knows, let him.

(r) p. 95. *Transports*. The French, *emportment*, is still better; but still I come short of my desire, and I know not how to mend it.

(s) p. 102. *Her Heures*. *Her Hours*, I would have said, but then it is no English in that sense. The Roman Catholics in France, call certain Prayer-Books, to be us'd so many hours a day, Mornings and Evenings, their *Hours*. Which every Body almost knows that reads French. I write this for those that do not know beyond their Native English.

(t) p. 147. *The Ladies of Englesac*. I hope most of my Readers have heard already, that in France, the Sons, and Daughters

Notes on the first Part.

Daughters of a Noble Family, are, when spoken of altogether, as in this place, call'd by the Name, or Title of their Father; as *les Messieurs*, *les Demoiselles*, *de* &c. Although every one hath a particular Name or Title of some Land, or Dignity, by which they are call'd. So that here is not meant many Countesses of *Englesac*. But the young Ladies, which are call'd *Demoiselles* as long as unmarried persons, of the same place whereof those that be married, are named Ladies.

(u) *A Tourreere*. I spell it for the *English* pronuntiation. *Touriere* in *French*, is she that keeps the Turning-box in a Nunnery, through which things are convey'd, and people both wayes unseen.

(w) *Escapade*. A word the *French* have borrow'd from the *Spaniard*, and both from the *Italian*; The *English* *Escape* is so like it, as well in the pronuntiation, as in the sense, as that I have great hopes it may easily be understood. Yet I think I may, for more security, tell you, that *Escapade*, in *French*, is properly a wanton and unruly Action, done of a sudden, after which one may come to himself again, and be sober; And it does
not

Notes on the first Part.

not of necessity imply a flight, or a running away, though here it is applyed to signifie it.

(x) *Lady President.* The French are so civil to the Ladies, as to bestow on them the same Titles, whether of Office, or Dignity, that their Husbands have. *Madams la Chancelliere, la Mareschalle, l'Ambassadrice, la Surintendente.* Yet mark, that it is only in Offices that give Rank and place.

(y) *Whose Ruëlle.* The Bed-side in any body's Chamber is called *la ruëlle du lit*; Which at the Lady's Bed-Chamber, being made pretty wide, and serving for the best Companies to sit in, is no longer call'd *la ruëlle du lit*, but *la ruëlle sans quenë*; *sa ruëlle*, speaking of such a Lady's Bed-side. *On en parle dans toutes les ruëlles: c'est l'entretien de toutes les ruëlles. Il regne dans les ruëlles.*

(z) *Exact and delicate shape.* I cannot forbear teaching you still some French; In that Language, I render here *an exact and delicate shape*, *une taille fine*. The word *fin* is of late applyed to many things in conversation with elegancy, and is of the finest use, and very much of the Court. They say, *Avoir le goust fin, un discernement*.

Notes on the first Part.

discernement fin, Delicate, in English, *Le fin de l'affaire*, the chiefest point in that business; *le fin de la langue*, the greatest delicacy of a language. *Il pense finement les choses*, His wit gives a delicate, and happy turn to every thing he says. Sometimes *fin* is the same thing in French as well as in English, with delicate. *Une raillerie fine*, is exactly the same with *une raillerie delicate*. Though, to tell you the truth exactly, *la raillerie fine* may be us'd among all people; the *raillerie delicate*, sounds like something that has a Relation to great persons, whether for use, or application. But I am affraid this is French for the French, and few strangers will reach it. *Un cheval fin*, is an ordinary expression, to signifie a handsome Horse, and of a good breed.

(1) *Less formal*, &c. I must tell those that are curious of the French Tongue, that the French word is *Concerte*. Whether I do sufficiently express it or no, I leave it to the *Connoisseurs* in both tongues.

(2) *Secretary of Commands*. *Secrétaire des Commandements*. 'Tis the usual appellation for such as write upon small occasions to distinguish them from Secretaries indeed. They are only at the Queen's,

Notes on the first Part.

Queen's, and Princes of the Blood-Royal.

(3) *Confounded him, &c.* I pray tell me, what is *accabler d'aventures*? Elle pensa l'*accabler d'aventures*. I have no English word for *accabler* in that gallant sense more likely to do my business than that I have us'd. *Accablement* indeed might be render'd in two or three words, as, *Il est dans un accablement estrange*, for one whose spirits are ready to sink under the burthen of many sad events.

(4) *To make shew, &c.* The French is, *Elle se fit une curiosité*. Which is a very Courtly, and fashionable expression: But not altogether fit for this place, where, the truth is, that the Marqueeze had no intention to have gone to the Marriage, but as a pretence to find out *Silvia*. *Se faire une curiosité &c.* is to have a mind to, &c. *Se faire des chagrins*, To be really chagrin and melancholy, not to pretend to it. *Se faire des plaisirs*, is to take pleasure. *Se faire honneur de quelque chose*. *Se faire un merite*, *Se faire des affaires*. Is all real, and no pretence.

(5) *County of Venaissin*; Whereof *Avignon* is the head; belonging to the Pope, as every body knows.

(6) *Gentle-*

Notes on the first Part.

(6) *Gentleman-Usher*. The *French* sayes, *Son Escuyer*: Ladies have as good a right to their Husbands Arms and Titles as can be. Some Arms were wont to be carried before great men by their Escuyers, Shield-bearers, therefore have the Ladies their Escuyers also; whose employment, is in *France*, to give the Hand or Arm to their Lady's; for the fashion of walking before them is not known in *France*: though indeed it shews *grandeur*, if a Lady hath besides him that walks before, another of greater Quality to help her as she goes, else not. For safety is to be preferr'd to a shew.

(7) *To make sport*. *Pour plaisanter*, sayes the new *French* expression: that is to say properly, to droll, or Jest, when it is no time to do so; or else, when others think it is not, because they cannot like their raillery.

(8) *Penetrer le talent*, To dive into the humour. More of our new expressions: *Talent*, is here the mind, the humour and nature. A meer *Tuscan* word: The *Spaniards* also say *Talante*, and sometimes *Talento*, as the *Italian*, for affection, mind, desire, &c. But when we say in *French*, *avoir la talent*, &c. *Il a de grands*

Notes on the first part.

grands talents, Il a un grand talent pour les langues, it is the same as to say, inclination towards it; a genius for it; they say also, *Il a de grandes ouvertures pour les sciences*, in the same sense.

(9) *Gallant*. The French sayes *Soupirant*, which indeed is more proper, because a man may *Soupirer*, sigh for a little while, and give over. But to be a Gallant to a Lady, implies that a long time and labour has been bestowed on her.

(10) *Did receive with, &c.* This is what the Author calls *adora les raisons*, a new expression again. To adore, or worship reasons, would not sound so well in *English*, though never so new.

(11) *Courteship. Fleurettes*, is the French word; which every one knows to be what is call'd in *English*, to tell tales, to tell Stories.

Eurip. Hec. — Λόγῳ γὰρ ἐστὶ αἰδο-
ξίας ἰών
Κὲς τοὺς δὲ ξύλας, αὐτὸς δ' αὖτις ἀδεν.

FINIS.

THE
Memoires
OF THE
L I F E
AND RARE
ADVENTURES
OF
Henrietta Sylvia Moliere.

Written in *French* by her Self.

BEING
The II, III, IV, V, VI and last Parts.

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